

Natural Dancers by Freckles_and_glasses

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Developing Relationship, Established Relationship, Friends to Lovers, Like mid way, M/M, Stereotypes, Swearing, Violence, i guess

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Jonathan Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Neil Hargrove, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-01-07

Updated: 2018-01-07

Packaged: 2022-04-03 15:15:47

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,263

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Billy and Steve don't really know how to have a relationship together. They're just naturals at being boys and kissing eachother.

Natural Dancers

Author's Note:

Hope this is okay!! I really wanted this to be significantly longer than my first one lol. I can only hope. Enjoyy!!

Also! I wrote the Steve and Billy fight while rewatching the scene so its kinda like on point lol ^-^

"I'm kissin' you."

"Do it."

Sometimes Billy Hargrove and Steve Harrington forget how to use manners and how to need to use manners. Lack of good parents and all. Lack of siblings and all.

Billy Hargrove met Steve Harrington properly in the locker rooms. Not in math class where Billy's eyes were glued to the back of a head with soft wavey (fluffy) brown hair. Or biology where Steve was stuck looking across the room as Billy, almost disgustingly, chewed on the ends of a pencil. But the locker rooms, where Billy's locker ended up being the one right next to Steve because something happened to the guy there before (Billy always forgets but it's okay because Steve always reminds him - Walter was expelled for- This is when Billy always interrupts and asks why Steve knew this guy's first name. "He was friend at some point. Literally, we were right beside eachother in the locker room." Billy mumbles something about that guy being lucky that Billy didn't get his hands on him. Steve will roll his eyes and be touched but then roll his eyes again.)

"Hey." Was more like a demand of attention than a greeting.

"Hey.." Steve replied briefly, shoving his shirt in his locker, then taking out his gym shirt to wear.

Billy watched the boy for a moment before changing his pants into shorts with a shrug. *'Let it be known I tried.'* He thinks.

Billy closes his locker and turns to head to gym, when someone pats his arm.

He turns and it's Mr fluffy hair again. "Hey, man." He brings a hand up to shake. "Steve."

"Billy."

Billy hangs out with some guys during when his math class should be. They hang by the side of the school smoking, introducing themselves. Tommy is the guy who seems is a douche bag, but knows everyone. Tommy names every girl that walks by and every girl on Mark, Daniel and Irvin's mind. Billy brushes it off but is secretly impressed by how memorized this guy is. Billy could never do something like that, remembering stuff about people.

Tommy talks about his girlfriend Carol and his best friend Steve. Billy looks up at him like, "I met a Steve earlier."

Tommy nods and exhales, "Steve's the King around here. Harrington. Even his fuckin' last name sounds fancy. He's a solid guy. You'll hear about him."

And Billy does. He hears lots.

These little shits give him the creeps.

Billy tries not to run over about a hundred kids while he's picking up Max. He finds a place to park and rolls up the windows when kids are near his car. He blasts the music to drown out their laughter and chatting.

"Fuckin' shi-ITS." Billy almost gasps when a kid pressed their face in his window. He makes a angry, mad face - teeth bared and eyes glaring - the kid just laughs and enters the car next to Billy. Billy

throws the finger.

He has to wait until almost everyone is gone. He gets out of his car and leans on the back ad he watched Max from a far, just now leaving the doors.

"JesUS CHRIST MAX." Billy calls. She looks and looks back at the kid she's talking to. Billy internally cringes.

Tiny kids.

Making friends.

Billy feels uneasiness rumble his stomach.

"MAX."

Maybe it's because his dad never liked any of Billy's friends back in California or in his childhood. Or that the way his dad raised him, made him too tough to make friends. Either way, Billy and his dad never really liked other people. Billy didn't like people and had difficulty making friends - but made friends who cared. Neil didn't like people but could fake it like a celebrity.

The halloween party didn't seem like an excitng idea. To either boys. Billy went to spend time away from his *family* and Steve went for the sake of Nancy.

The night went very different for the two. Yet the same result at the end of the night: Confused with tingling lips.

Billy was met instantly with swarms of boys and girls. The guys were asking him about his alcohol tolerance, what kind of a drinker was he. Billy was a happy, excited, bad descision making drunk.

After multiple drinks, the guys propped Billy on the keg and Billy showed them how it was done. Apparently breaking the record, or some shit. If Billy was being honest, he could go for longer if he really wanted.

Billy began bouncing off the wall after Craig and whoever began handing him drinks that he just *inhaled*.

There was the happy and excited, now was time for the bad decisions.

Billy found Steve eventually and walked right over, over a couch, over a girl, and over Tommy's advice.

Neither of them said anything while Billy said many things with his eyes. *Fuck you, court jester, I'm the King now. Pretty bird you got there. Nice lips you got Harrington. Nice eyes. Nice hair. Pretty fucking princess you are.*

Billy walked away feeling good about himself. But not satisfied.

Steve spends the night on mom mode. For his *girlfriend*. The night doesn't go as planned and gets out of hand by the minute.

Nancy's getting drunker and drunker. Steve's chest is getting tighter and tighter. The party's getting louder and louder.

Steve ends up leaving the party, embarrassed because he fought with Nancy in public and spilled a drink on her and then completely drained hearing Nancy call him bullshit, and their relationship bullshit.

Steve leaves and drives off.

He only makes it a few blocks away before he drives back.

He gets out of his car and goes to head inside, when he hears a, "Harrington."

Steve looks and Jonathon Byers is supporting Nancy to his car. Steve walks over quickly.

"What are you-" Steve just wants to take Nancy from Jonathon as quick as possible.

"I-I've got her man. It's okay. She'll be fine. I can bring her home." Jonathon says as soft as he can to make sure he doesn't sound like a

creep. Jonathon knows how this looks.

"Byers-"

"Steve. It's okay. We're all tired."

"C'mon." Says another voice behind Steve.

It's Billy. Again.

"What do you want." Steve demands.

"I'm, I'm here to grab you. Let the s-skeleton take your girl home. I'll fuckin' drop him if he does anything, I swear to god." Billy slurs. He takes another gulp of his beer.

Jonathon cringes and sits Nancy in the car.

"Nancy will be fine. I promise." Jonathon says, getting in the drivers seat.

Steve wants to argue but Jonathon drives away and Billy pulls him back.

"Get off me Hargrove."

"Gladly." Billy burps. "Wait you said get me off right?"

"Screw you." Steve says trying to move away. He realizes after that most come-backs will probably sound wrong in their lowkey sexual nature.

"Mhm." Billy follows. "Glad we're on the same page."

Steve walks back to his car and almost forgets the drunk still following him.

"Wha-" Steve exclaims as Billy gets in the back of the car.

"What are you doing up there?" Billy asks looking lost.

"I'm driving home. This is my car."

"..."

"Hargrove."

"...I fuckin' dropped something back here, help me find it?" Billy says this so seriously, Steve believes him. Billy almost laughs.

Steve gets out and goes to sit in the back seat. He turns to Billy. "What did you drop?"

Billy takes Steve's face in his hands and kisses him. Smooth and squishy and sexy feeling.

Steve can't move. He can't pull away, or kiss back (if that's what he wants?), and he certainly can't breathe.

"Buh." Steve whimpers as Billy makes out with his face.

"Steeve." Billy mumbles.

Steve finally remembers he has perfectly fine functioning hands and moves Billy away gently.

"I wanna kiss." Billy complains, drunk from the beer and drunk off Steve. Steve can taste all of Billy's drinks against his lips.

"Noo." Steve says, still completely in shock. He can only think to talk as if Billy's a baby. Considering how drunk this Californian hunk is, he might as well be a baby. "No kisses."

"Kisss." Billy goes in again. Firmly grabbing Steve's wrists and pushing his against the closed car door. Billy adds tongue this time.

"Mm! Mmhmm!" Steve complains against Billy. He pulls away. "No. Bad Billy! No drunk kisses!"

Billy pulls away sad.

"You are drunk! And I drank a little! And it is late! And we are at a party where people-!"

"Think I don't wanna kiss you but I do." Billy sits back and pouts.

"Fuck them. Fuck that. Fuck all that. Fuck-"

Billy goes on saying fuck alot, just like Nancy.

Nancy.

Steve misses Nancy. Steve *loves* Nancy.

But Nancy doesn't love Steve.

"Fuck that beer can, fuck that tire, fuck Mark's hair, fuck that truck."
Billy seems to have a lot more to complain about than Nancy.

Steve lets Billy continue before Billy starts saying fuck about everyone he sees. Steve stops him there.

"Do you need a ride home?" Steve asks.

"Wait, what? Don't you wanna fuck? Kiss?" Billy sounds a bit desperate, "All you small town hicks are so closeted and quiet, fuck. Don't two guys ever just fool around?"

"No." Steve almost laughs. "We're all pretty straight here."

"California's fuckin awesome man. People do, *whatever* the hell they want, whenever. Anyone kisses anyone. No one thinks it's fucked up." Billy looks away. "Almost no one."

"C'mon, let's get you home."

"Not home." Billy grunts. He watches his own hands curl and punches the seat in front of him. "No."

Steve gulps a little and nods. "Not home. Are you staying...?"

Billy doesn't look up when he says yeah.

So Billy leaves the car. Confused. Lips tingling. Heads back to the party. Drinks some more.

Steve sits in the front seat. Confused. Lips tingling. Drives home. Sleeps this night away.

Billy vaguely remembers what went down between him and Harrington. The boy acts weird around him, ignoring him, so he must of definitely put some moves down.

Billy isn't too ashamed. Steve's hot. Of course Drunk Billy is going to try and kiss that. But it's a new day and Billy isn't drunk. Billy works his hangover off and wins most rounds during phys ed. Steve is stumbling and heartbroken, because the King has fallen, and lost his Queen.

Speaking of, Miss Wheeler wheels on by to talk to Steve during practice.

Billy almost growls.

While Steve's friends laugh, Billy wants to start barking at Nancy. She has no fucking right to show her face right now - after she bitched him out *and* during practice.

While Steve's gone, Billy grins at the other guys, Steve's team, and they really begin to sweat.

Steve has a hard time looking Nancy in the eyes. She really fucking hurt him yesterday, and she *knows* he kinda swings both ways! So if she coincidentally asks him if he made out with anyone last night...well.

She doesn't ask, of course. She doesn't know. All she knows is that Steve is being unfair and perhaps, maybe, actually, accidentally, unfortunately, she doesn't love him.

Steve returns to class to see Billy score again and whoop and yell happily with his teammates.

Forwarding multiple days, maybe, could be a week or so, who knows, time just *flies* - Steve has been busy being lonely, doing his

homework, missing Nancy, and making out with a sober Billy two or so times.

Steve has been doing good deeds. Cleaning up after the movie theatre prank. Walking old ladies across the street. Brought a stupid cat to the animal shelter, Steve's *still* sneezing. Even went to apologize to Tommy and Carol today, after previously yelling at them. Steve paid for them to go bowling, Carol invited her friend Veronica and Tommy invited Billy. Billy went into the washroom after Steve, locked the door and made -the fuck- out with Steve.

Now Steve's here. At Nancy's. With flowers. Made a little disheveled by a certain Hargrove. But with flowers.

When Steve gets out of the car, he stares at the flowers, trying to come up with what to say. Steve's sure he isn't trying to get Nancy back. He's confident, but he doesn't wanna be cocky. Steve isn't going to force her to love him, or be with her if she doesn't. Steve isn't going to hurt them. Steve just wants to apologize and try to make up. Nancy's a great girl. He'd be lucky to have her as a friend.

Besides. He'd been having some almost heart-to-hearts with Hargrove. Steve might actually be going somewhere with that guy.

But Steve is interrupted by Dustin Henderson. "Are those flowers for either Mr or Mrs Wheeler?"

Steve is sucked back into the spooky world.

For the duration of Dustin's house plus a demon muskateer, and then stocking up on weapons and raw meat, Steve almost always has on a very deep frown.

Don't get him wrong, Steve loves to help, and Dustin isn't gunna get Darty back to put him down, but Steve worries about two essays due next week, and a certain Californian wondering where he is and what he's done with his weekend (especially since Billy's lowkey asked Steve to come out for a party tonight).

When Lucas arrives, he brings along a girl. Steve thinks he knows her.

"I'm not a random girl." Max says before they get onto the bus at sun down. "My name's Max. I've seen you before. And y'know, sometimes that's with my *stepbrother*."

Steve takes a moment to understand what that means.

Billy would be this excited and get this dressed up for *anyone* - girl, boy, *whatever*, this is *normal*. Steve is normal.

And it's not even an actual date, it's just, you know, meeting a friend at a party. A hot friend. A friend you may or may not dream about dominating.

A friend you've been making out with about every single day this week.

Billy isn't sure what's going to happen. On one hand, Billy feels comfortable messing around whenever, being casual. On the other hand, Billy wants to get down on one knee with a promise ring.

Or whatever.

Maybe he'll let Steve pave the way. They haven't made anything solid yet, but there's definitely something there. Billy definitely holds Steve differently than people he plays with. Steve definitely thinks about Billy about 20 hours of the day

Billy's about done getting ready when Susan knocks on his door, with his dad.

Shit. Amirite?

When Billy gets outside, tears bitten back into him by his demons, blood inside his mouth, boots stomping on the yard, he sets out for Max. First going to the Henderson's - Steve told him the address when Billy asked where Steve needed to drive off to all the time.

"Oh, I just got home Billy! I'm sorry! I haven't seen Dustin all day. I can give you Lucas's address?" Ms Henderson.

"Sorry, Mr Hargrove, but Lucas left a couple hours ago and I haven't seen Maxine. You would probably have luck finding them at the Wheeler's house. Their group is usually there. The Wheeler's house is probably the most designated area for them all to meet up." Mrs Sinclair.

"Their driveway is pretty dark this time of night. So drive slowly." Mrs Wheeler.

And Billy was off again, to the Byers's house.

"Am I dreaming, or is that you, Harrington?" Billy had to admit, he's disappointed Steve's here - that means that he probably wasn't gonna show up to the party tonight. Dick move.

"Yeah it's me. Don't cream your pants." Steve says equally disappointed. This is not how he imagined tonight.

Billy sees a flash of orange hair through the window. He takes off his jacket.

Steve walks down the steps and tries to think of what to say. How to say. But that's his mistake, Billy thinks, Steve shouldn't make this personal. "What are you doing here, amigo?"

"I could ask you the same thing." Billy's demeanor tells Steve this might not go down gently. "Amigo."

Steve wants to replace Billy's cigarette with his lips. But he internally slaps himself. Billy isn't here as your boyfriend or whatever. He's here as a man with responsibilities.

Billy talks with Steve. **No.** *Harrington.*

Do not make this personal. Billy tells himself. Your little responsibility is watching from the goddamn window. Man up.

Steve pretends he doesn't know Max. Doesn't know what she looks like, acts like, sees when Billy is turned around and shoving Steve out the window before their parents come home.

"My 13 year old sister goes missing all day. And then I find her with *you*, in a *stranger's house*. And you lie to me about it." Billy channels his inner Neil Hargrove. It's sick how easy it is to do.

Steve wants to roll his eyes when Billy does the tongue thing. His mouth goes on autopilot.

"Oh shit. Listen-" Before Steve knows it, everything is blown. The mission. The bench. The kids. Eleven. His relationship. His sanity. Hopper's trust in him. Joyce's trust in him. Nancy's trust. Jonathon's trust. Ms Henderson. Everyone.

He's on the ground. Spitting out blood. Waiting for the world to stop spinning.

Steve can't stop Billy. But maybe Steve can take Hargrove.

Little brat shit kids. Billy glares at them all.

"I thought I told you to stay away from him." He means all of them. But Lucas is right there and an easy target. And Max liiiiiiiiikes him.

Billy liked a boy when he was 13. He got the shit beat out of him. Max can be taught too. But then again, did Billy really learn anything if he was so excited to make out with Harrington earlier? Well.

He *did* just knock the wind out of him, so, congrats dad, you did it.

Max tries to stop Billy. But "go away" rarely works does it?

Billy's almost exactly using Neil's words right before charging at Lucas. ***You know what happens when you disobey me.***

I break things.

Like Billy's 13 year old leg and arm.

Like Billy's first vinyl record.

Like Billy's innocent heart, that's definitely long broken.

Since Maxine won't listen to me, maybe you will.

When Billy sees Steve again, Billy's laughing. Steve actually lands a punch.

Billy Hargrove's babydoll got some fire after all! Billy's wanted to see the King for a while.

Billy begs Steve with his eyes, give me another good one right here. But Steve's eyes say stop it.

Because Steve doesn't want to fight.

Steve is a decisive boy who confidentially protects. He's not an unpredictable fighter, stubborn and always looking for fire. Not like Billy.

They are two natural dancers in life. But they don't know this song, and their feet stumble.

The four punches Steve lands are beautiful.

But Billy senses his hesitation with his next move. Poor baby.

No one tells me what to do.

"Get up!" Billy yells at Steve.

Fuck you man. Steve thinks, twisting around on the ground. Trying to will himself to stand.

The next eleven punches from Billy come as easy as it is to take.

And saving them both, Max steps in.

Max looks a fiery dragon as Billy hits the ground, his vision blurs and Max's words slur in his head. "From here...leave me..my friends...you understand?"

"Screw you."

Billy swears his dick screams when Max brings the bat down.

It's about 5am, the sun is coming up.

Max is driving the camero again, with Steve in the back, yes, but also Billy.

The stupid gate is closed. Billy is unknowing to the supernatural, and things will probably go back to normal. Sort of. But first.

"Are you still gunna be with him now?" Max asks tentively.

"Keep your attention on the road. Don't think I won't pull us over and take charge, Missy. You're up there because my head hurts. Not because you're responsible. You are 13 years old." Steve rants.

Max sighs.

"And yes. I think so."

Max snaps her head back at him. He screams.

Max keeps her eyes on the road.

"Why would you do that?"

"It was just a fight. We're boys stuffed up with boy hormones and we can't help ourselves." Steve brushes Billy's hair around.

"He's-"

"I know what he is." Steve says. Ending the conversation as they pull up to the hospital.

You see, Hopper got it arranged that Billy found Max last night, got in a car accident with Steve, and they were all sent to the hospital. Since The Hargroves are new to town, they weren't notified immediately that their children were at the hospital because both were unconscious. Steve's parents were out of town but when Steve woke he, of course, claimed full responsibility, he wasn't watching where he was going. He can pay for the damages. Max wakes up at, oh, around sun up and tells the nice nurse her mommy and daddy's

phone number.

"Be cool." Steve says under his breath as Susan Hargrove rushed to Max's side. Neil still behind in the hall.

Max looks over at Billy and glares hard.

Say you understand!

I understand.

Billy looks around and tries getting up.

"It's okay, Billy." Steve a little too loud, on purpose, "Max is okay! The car accident was my fault man. I'm sorry. I can pay for damages."

Billy is beyond confused. But he thinks he gets the hint.

Neil gets in the room.

"Man-- your car came out of no where, what the fuck? You could have seriously hurt my sist-" Billy pretends to look around even though Max is in the bed beside him. "Max?!"

Susan cries over Max's body like she's died and Neil asks if Billy's okay. No one knows about last night. And no one asks.

Until:

"You weren't actually doing any, fuckin', pervert stuff were you?" Billy asks two weeks later. "Like. There were...those drawings on the walls at Joyce's. You guys were just..."

Steve laughs. "Absolutely no pervert stuff, I promise. Just. Dungeons and Dragons."

Billy actually sighs in relief.

"I don't know how you got the Chief in on it. I kinda wanna, no, nah that's okay...I don't want to know." Billy says. Relaxing his shoulders again.

"It's very complicated." Steve says rather than Dangerous. The d word will make Billy curious. Make him itch. Make him wanna know.

They sat by the quarry, Billy laid on the hood of his car. Steve sat in his own car, the passenger side, door open, staring at Billy like he was the moon.

"They're like-" Max pauses to make her finger tips touch and makes her hands come to together in a 'kiss'.

And Dustin makes an obscene gesture with his fingers. Causing Billy to hit him on the back of the head, "Don't talk about your mom Steve like that."

"Don't touch my head William."

"Don't call me William, Dustin Fleamont Henderson."

"Don't use my midde name- Max what's his middle name?"

"Alright." Steve intercepts. "That's enough. Both of you are just upset because my time has been split for both of you and that's- actually-really- hilarious."

Steve breaks out into laughter and all the kids laugh except Dustin and Billy.

"You're okay though?" Lucas asks him as Mike, Will, and Dustin walk toward the school. Max is stopped a few feet away by Billy making sure she has her pepper spray and homework

"Yes. I am." Steve's eyes soften for the young man. "Are you?"

"Uh." Lucas clears his throat and looks away when Max looks back. "I'm- I'm okay."

"Good." Steve says. "What he did was a really bad dick move, Lucas. What he did was not okay. You can say it. You can talk to him or me. I can talk to him. He can apologize again."

Lucas shakes his head. "A part of growing up is knowing forgiveness...Right? Well. I can do that. Billy's apologized five times now. Three on his *very* own." Lucas chuckles dryly. "I know he's sorry. Max says his dad's a piece of shit and that he tends to act like him. That must suck."

"Yeah."

"I'm not that hurt either. I kneed him in the balls and dropped a book on his head on the way out, so, I guess it's even."

Steve smiled. "Billy was a bully, Lucas. Some bully's don't deserve forgiveness. Are you sure-"

"If you can stick your tongue in his dirty mouth and trust he won't bite, he can't be that bad." Lucas laughs as Steve cringes. "Besides. He...seems better now. Maybe I quite literally knocked sense into him."

"Yeah. Maybe we both did." Steve laughs, before dismissing Lucas and watches him run to the boys and Max who are waiting at the front.

"Boyfriend, get me something to drink!" Billy asks, lounging, naked and twisted in bedsheets and blankets.

Steve grins from the kitchen. Billy only likes calling him that when they're alone.

"Thought you didn't want anything. Boyfriend."

"Well now I want something!" Billy yelled. "Boyfriend!"

Steve walks back up, two drinks in hand and a bag of chips.

"Beautiful." Billy purrs as he opens the chip bag.

Steve sits beside him, butt naked as well.

"Goddamn!" Billy chugs the soda.

"If only I could make you scream like that." Steve teases as he touches Billy's hair.

Billy sits up, moving the chips and the drinks. He leans over Steve and holds his face in his hands.

"I'm kissin' you."

"Do it."